Why Aliens Will Come Back

And the Cause of Their Exodus at the Present Time.

By T. V. Powderly,
Chief of the Division of Information, Bureau of Immigration.

SEVERAL causes combine to bring about the eastward march of the aliens now leaving us. Every year a great number of aliens return to their homes for the winter. The railroads, particularly in the North, East and West, lay off men engaged in outdoor work and, following this, others are thrown out of employment. These men find it desirable to return to their old homes for the winter. They have the opportunity to visit their friends and relatives, and can live much cheaper there during the winter than here, for food and lodging are cheaper and the climate is not so severe.

In other years the exodus began the latter part of October and continued up to Christmas, but this season the rush was accentuated by the financial flurry. Those who imagine that our aliens do not read are somewhat in error, for those who cannot read have others to read to them, and they keep a sharp eye upon the trend of events in this country, so that when the papers announced under scare head lines that things were going wrong, these men, not trained to analyze the statements made, took alarm and quite a number more went away than would have gone in former years.

Another cause is to be found in the fact that every four years, preceding the Presidential election, there is a tendency eastward on the part of the aliens. They hear so much said about the uncertainty of Presidential year that they prefer to take no chances and go home early.

There is still another cause for the return of Italians to their native land. It is estimated that about $100,000,000 will be expended in Italy in bringing the railways up to a proper standard of efficiency, and Italy is calling her sons who have learned how to make good railroads in this country back to their old homes.

There is more work to do in this country than ever before; there is a necessity for more men and women to do it, and the first months of next year will see a return of aliens who will be able to find remunerative employment in this country.

How the Sun Has Puzzled Astronomers

By Waldemar Kaempffert.

THE great ball of fire which we call the sun is not really the sun. No one has ever seen the sun. A series of concentric shells envelop a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace, and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass. That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shells is about five thousand miles thick, and is called the "chromosphere." It is a gaseous flood, tinted with the scarlet glare of hydrogen, and so furiously active that it spurts up great tongues of glowing gas ("prominences") to a height of thousands of miles. Time was when this agitated sea of crimson fire could be seen to advantage only during an eclipse; now special instruments are used which enable astronomers to study it in the full glare of the sun. Beyond the chromosphere, far beyond the prominences even, lies the nebulous pallid "corona," visible only during the vanishing moments of a total eclipse, aggregating not more than seven days in a century. No one has ever satisfactorily explained how the highly attenuated matter composing both the prominences and the corona is supported without falling back into the sun under the pull of solar gravitation. Now that Arrhenius has cosmically applied the effects of light-pressure a solution is presented.

How difficult it is to account for such delicate streamers as the "prominences" on the sun is better comprehended when we fully understand how relentlessly powerful is the grip of solar gravitation. If the sun were a habitable globe and you could transport yourself to its surface, you would find yourself pulled down so forcibly by gravitation that you would weigh two tons, assuming that you are an ordinary human being. Your clothing alone would weigh more than one hundred pounds. Baseball could be played in a solar drawing room; for there would be some difficulty in throwing a ball more than thirty feet. Tennis would be degraded to a form of outdoor pingpong. From these considerations it is plain that gravitation on the sun would tend to prevent the formation of any lambent streamers and to pull down to its surface masses of any size.—Harper's Magazine.

The American Accent

By Ella Hepworth Dixon.

AT last our good American friends have acknowledged that it is they, and not ourselves, who have the "accent." This is a great step toward improving the American language, for up to now the New Yorker, the Bostonian, and the San Franciscan were at one in assuring the traveling Islander that his speech was spoiled by his "English accent." The Islander was too well bred, as a rule, to betray any emotion or astonishment at this accusation, but he thought a lot. Perhaps his thought was communicated to certain pundits on the other side, for an American Speech Reform Association has just been started, with the laudable intention of teaching young America to speak the language of England, instead of the weird and complicated tongue which is the result of the salad of races and nationalities thrown hodge-podge on to the American continent. Already the society has issued a pamphlet imploring its compatriots "not to splash your words one into each other," "not to talk through the nose with your mouth tight shut," and "not to use the same phrase a thousand times a day." Even by employing these simple expedients, the New Yorker might make himself understood by a Londoner without going to the trouble of learning Esperanto. As for the astute American girl, she has long seen the expediency of approximating her speech to our own.—London Sketch.

Giving Her a Tussle.

"Good gracious! Look! What can be the matter? There—across the street. What is it that is tossing that woman about from side to side in such a violent manner?"

"Possibly she is trying to hold her tongue."—Puck.

Up to 1906 Pennsylvania produced more natural gas than she could make use of, but now it is necessary to draw upon the supply of West Virginia.

On the Jump.

"The last time I gave you money," said the kindly old lady, "you promised you wouldn't walk right into a saloon and spend it."

"Dat's right, lady," said the hobo.

"Yes, but as soon as you got the money you did."

"Say! lady, don't youse know the difference between a walk and a sprint?"—Philadelphia Press.

The telephone service of Switzerland is operated by the government.

BETHEL-ON-THE-HILL.

The naked walls no arches know,
No rich mosaic's pride,
But only time-stained moss without
And light unstained inside;
No marble niches high o'erhead
Lift haloed saints to view,
But watch you well yon face; for here
The saints sit in the pew.

The men of old who chose the spot
Where these gray gables rise
Had little thought what changes here
Would snare their children's eyes.
Yon outward sweep of vale and mount
Of old no glances drew—
The forest then possessed the land,
And hid the world from view.

But now like some rich tapestry
The summer slopes are spread,
Broidered in rustling green and gold
And looped with silver thread
That twinkles 'twixt the willow-trees,
And hums a Sunday tune,
And bob-white, three wheat-fields away,
Helps praise the Lord for June.

Were there no windows toward the west,
'Twere easier here to pray,
For look! See yonder fleet of clouds
Sail grandly up this way.
They move like ships in ports of home,
Beyond all fear of harm,
While far below their shadows glide
As big as half a farm.

"I lift mine eyes," the people sing—
Amen! I do; and straight
New wonders on the mountain grow,
A towering cliff, a gate,
Of carven snow—mayhap of pearl—
Alas! in other evens
I've seen it fade; or I might dream
That gleaming gate was heaven's.

What if these walls no arches know,
No pictured windows wide,
But only God's June world without,
And praying saints inside?
To this old hill, from altars thronged
And loneliest desert track,
The hearts that once have worshiped here
With fondest thoughts look back.

The world has many a road to God—
No lands lost men may roam
Lie so remote, so desolate,
But that there's some way home;
Yet some bright coasts on highway lie,
As free, as plain as day,
And Bethel stands by such a road,
And far, far on the way.
—William Hervey Woods, in Youth's Companion.

The Case of Grace Ellen Who Demanded a Spanking.

Did you ever hear of a little girl who wanted to be spanked? Actually wanted to be? Well, if you haven't, you certainly ought to know about Grace Ellen McDonald.

It happened like this: Grace Ellen had formed a very bad habit; she ate raw potatoes. She would beg them from cook, in the afternoons when school was out, and peel them and eat them with salt, in the same way that bad little boys eat green apples in the Spring.

Grace Ellen was usually an obedient little girl, but somehow she always forgot about the potatoes. In vain her mamma reasoned with her, and her papa forbade her to touch them. But after the spell of the colic mamma led Grace Ellen into the spare bedroom, and when they came out Grace Ellen looked very grave. Mamma had said something perfectly awful.

Some days later she was confiding the matter to her most particular friend. "Jus' think, Daisy," she said, "if I ate another single one mamma was either goin' to make me stay at home an' not play with the children after school a-tall, for a whole week-or-er-she was goin' to spank me hard with a brush—with a hair brush, Daisy Meriwether! Jus 's'pose you had to choose 'tween those two things!"

Daisy was a cautious little girl and she didn't like raw potatoes anyhow.

"If I were you I wouldn't eat any more of 'em," said Daisy.

And Grace Ellen didn't for a long time—about a week, I think. And then—she forgot again! And mamma knew all about it.

Oh, dear, what a dreadful time there was in the McDonald family when Grace Ellen had to choose!

She could scarcely bear even the idea of staying at home every afternoon for a whole week, while Daisy and the others were going violet hunting or playing "I spy" in Mabel Jones' big backyard. But to be spanked with a brush, hard! the thing was simply unthinkable.

"I guess I'll—stay—at home," sobbed Grace Ellen after the fifteen minutes mamma had given her for choosing were over.

What a dull week that was. When school was out Grace Ellen had to come straight home and hem a napkin. Some of the stitches were very crooked and had to be pulled out and made all over. That was the afternoon they were making molasses candy at Hannah Reid's, next door. After the napkin was finished she was allowed to play with baby brother in the backyard, but that wasn't much fun, because baby brother always wanted to crawl on his stomach in the dirt and mamma said he mustn't. Then, too, she mustn't even holler at Hannah over the fence, or mamma would call her in.

Five awful days went by and Grace Ellen felt in her soul she would never care for a raw potato.

Then something happened. A monkey and an organ came to town, and Grace Ellen had still two more days!

The monkey man played the organ every afternoon on the courthouse lawn and the monkey danced and made the funniest faces and the cunningest little bows passing his little cap around. Of course, all the children were there—excepting Grace Ellen.

It was two more days. She was already perfectly cured of raw potatoes, but there was no use in telling mamma that, for since all this happened fifty years ago, when mothers did what they said they would, you couldn't beg off.

Monkeys didn't come to town so often, either, fifty years ago.

Grace Ellen thought carefully over the situation and then formed a desperate resolution.

She went into her mamma's bedroom and got the hair brush. It had a broad, smooth back, and Grace Ellen felt quite pale, but she did not falter.

Mrs. McDonald was very busy sewing when Grace Ellen came into her room.

Going slowly up to her mother, Grace Ellen laid the brush on her lap.

"Mamma, please spank me quick and let me go. Please, mamma! I never will eat any more raw potatoes, and there's a monkey uptown, and you can spank jus' as hard as you want to. I won't mind a-tall!" Her voice trembled, however.

But, then, you know, it's hard to be real brave when you are only eight, and you are going to be spanked—with a brush.

Then she and Grace Ellen walked upstairs to the spare bedroom.

Daisy's voice was heard calling from the front gate: "Gra-cellen! Oh, Gra-cellen! Come on, we're going to see the monkey!"

They had just reached the spare room, so Grace Ellen stuck her head out of the window and called cheerfully, "All right I'll be there torectly!" Then mamma shut the door and the wisdow.

* * * * *

Baby brother was left to play on a soft rug in the hall, but when he heard some strange and distressful sounds coming from behind the closed door he doubled up his fat fists, rolled over on his stomach and yelled with all his might.

After a very bad fifteen minutes Grace Ellen was seen flying down the street toward the courthouse, in a fresh blue calico dress. Her eyes were a little red, and she had an acute feeling of just having been spanked, but for all that there wasn't a happier little girl in the whole town of Smithville—for the spanking was all over, and the little girl was flying on her way to see the monkey.—Washington Star.

POLICE SPIES IN PARIS.

Legitimist Leader Mystified Over a Revelation by Prefect Lepine.

Paris Gil Blas gives the world an illustration of the workings of the French secret police in an anecdote which it publishes with an assurance that the incident happened recently.

A distinguished member of Parisian society sent out invitations for a large soiree at his house in the Faubourg St. Germain. He is a legitimist, and it was hardly concealed that the gathering was to have a certain political significance.

As soon as he heard of it Police Prefect Lepine called upon the host and with the utmost politeness solicited a couple of invitations for agents on his staff.

"Monsieur le Comte," he said, "I give you my word of honor the men to whom I entrust them will look like perfect gentlemen; they will act as gentlemen; in a word, they will be worthy of the honor you confer on them by making them your guests.'

The Court was very haughty, however. He explained with ill concealed disdain that his party would be made up of the bluest blood in France and any outsider would be at once conspicuous.

M. Lepine appeared to be convinced; at least he yielded the point gracefully, merely adding: "At least, Monsieur le Comte, you will allow me to see the list of your guests. My duty compels me to know who will be there."

Monsieur le Comte made no objection. He produced the list and Lepine scanned it carefully. He was wreathed in smiles as he returned it. With many bows he apologized for having troubled Monsieur le Comte.

"It was so unnecessary," said he, "I really would have no use for those invitations. I see that Monsieur le Comte already has on his list of guests the names of five of my most trusted observers."

The count and his friends have been wondering ever since whether this was literally true or whether it was a shrewd device to render the gathering innocuous.

Rivals in Fame.

"They are making a great stir about the pianist."

"Yes. The advertisements make almost as much fuss over him as they do over the make of piano he plays."—Washington Star.

A mole eats as many as 20,000 earthworms in the course of a year.

SCIENCE

Professor Garner has discovered that the chimpanzee has a vocabulary of seven words.

The figures on the capitalization of electric railway systems are given as $8,192,-34,000 or more than half of the amount invested in steam roads in this

Red glass hastens vegetation, while blue glass suppresses it. Sensitive plants like the mimosa, grow fifteen times higher under red glass than under blue.

The greatest heat is never found on the equator but some ten degrees to the north, while more severe cold has been registered in northern Siberia than has been found near the Pole.

A system of treating low grade iron ores in an electric smelter with graphite as a reducing medium, instead of coal, has been invented by a Mr. Hlorth of Norway. The Iron and Steel Institute has awarded him a prize.

Joints in a cupola can be pointed up with finely ground chrome ore. This material is largely used in constructing the hearths of certain steel melting furnaces and can be obtained from foundry supply houses. It will be necessary to use a very small amount of clay in the mixture to render it plastic. In lining an ordinary cupola the joints should be made as light as practicable, the bricks being dipped in a thin clay wash before they are placed in position.

The New York Forest, Fish and Game Association has published a report dealing with the work of its fish hatcheries. During the past year more than 100,000,000 marine fry have been placed in the sea, and in addition great numbers of trout and other game fishes have been hatched and placed in suitable streams. The association states that year by year it becomes increasingly difficult to obtain a proper supply of water, so widely are both streams and shore water polluted.

Mr. Abel Chapman, in a recent work, makes some novel suggestions in regard to the adventures of migratory birds. He does not believe that small birds accomplish long journeys, as generaly supposed, by the simple power of wing flight. Birds can reach, he says, regions high in the air whose conditions are beyond human knowledge, and can sustain life in rarified atmospheres where mammals would be asphyxiated. They may be able to rest there, he suggests, without exertion, and may find meteorological or atmospheric forces which diminish the labor of flight, and perhaps assist its progress.

BIG PROFITS.

A Pill That Sold at 6,000 Times Its Cost.

One of his Majesty's judges expressed surprise the other day on hearing that a certain proprietary pill was sold at a profit of more than 6000 percent on prime cost. Yet there are scores of other articles ordinarily dealt in by trades people that show a bigger return even than this.

Mineral waters, for instance, cost to manufacture, on an average, about the one-hundredth part of a penny per bottle. Yet your grocer will charge you 1 1-2d for a "large" soda and a publican 4d. the gross profit over prime cost working out at 15,000 and 40,000 percent respectively.

A quart of lime water is sold ordinarily by chemists for 6d. Yet a single pennyworth of lime will suffice to make certainly not fewer than 200 gallons.

Artificial teeth, which used to be made of ivory, always a most expensive material, are now made of porcelain at a cost of about 5d. apiece, excluding of course, the attached pieces of platinum. Yet a dentist will still charge you ivory price—say, 10 guineas to 20 guineas a set.

Spectacles and "folders" such as are sold in the shops of West End oculists for from 2 to 7 guineas a pair, cost only a shilling or two to manufacture, so far as regards the lenses, which are, after all, the essential thing. The gold or silver mounts are exceeding light and their intrinsic values consequently trifling.

And as it is with these things, so it is with many others. A guinea topHat costs about 2s. to make. An ordinary violin, such as is retailed at, say, 2 or 3 guineas, can be put together at a total inclusive outlay of about 4s. Diamonds are exported for the wholesale dealers and producers to yield not less than 10,000 percent profit, and the South African "ring" usually arranges matters in such a way that expectations are not disappointed.—Tit-Bits.

The Campaign On.

"Got any babies around your place?" inquired the candidate.

"Nope," answered the farmer. "Babies is all growed up an' married off. How'd you like to put in the forenoon ploughin'?"—Louisville Courier-Journal.